



## Princess in Shining Armor



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### Chapter 1 by celloandjello

I looked at him. He looked at me. He's handsome, of course. Blond hair, blue eyes, nice build, a typical prince suitor.

"I'll pass."

My father, the king, was practically spitting. "This is the fifth time you have turned down a suitor, Scarlet! You must choose one for the good of the kingdom!"

"I'm not marrying someone I don't know, or like! Besides, his nose is too big." Not that it was. It's just to spite the prince and Father.

"Excuse me?!"

Oh, so the dimwit prince was able to form thoughts.

Father was turning red in the face with rage. It was quite alarming, actually. He looked like he was about to choke. I could tell that he desperately wanted to teach me a lesson but couldn't in front of all these people. I crossed my arms and glared at him, daring him to do it.

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He took a deep breath. "Scarlet, if you and I come together, you might find out that you actually like Prince.

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I rolled my eyes. And so begins my evening of torment.

I did my best to make things interesting. We danced. He was an excellent dancer. I stepped on his feet. We conversed. He talked about duller things imaginable. I fell asleep. We ate. He ate as a prince should. I started a food fight. We drank. He lifted a toast to the king. I belched. Excuse me.

Except for his dull conversations, Prince Richard was prince any princess would dream of having. Except me, of course. Really, he wasn't that bad. But he was just like the others. And he was just about as interesting as a block of wood.

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I lay on my bed, worn out with the evening. Suddenly, I felt a rumbling from somewhere in the castle. Something was happening, something interesting! Dressed in only my nightgown, I ran towards the rumbling.

When I happened on the scene, my jaw dropped. A dragon had just snatched up the terrified Prince Richard. Poor Prince Richard was screaming his head off. I felt sorry for him. Just a little bit. I mean, who comes to another castle to meet his maybe-bride-to-be and get snatched up by a dragon?

The dragon lifted up and out of the ginormous hole it had made with Prince Richard. Poor, poor Prince Richard. He really wasn't expecting this. He wouldn't be here if it wasn't for me. Well, technically it was Father, since I never wanted here in the first place. But still...

I ran to the stables. I quickly changed into my armor, and saddled my horse, Sugar Cube. I gave Sugar Cube a sugar cube, and vaulted into the saddle. Just as I was taking off, my father burst out of the castle.

"Scarlet! What do you think you are doing?!"

I grinned and waved at him. And then I was galloping into the forest after the dragon.

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"I sure hope I don't starve before I get to the dragon." I kept on saying to myself, but I practically was bound to do that anyway. I then stumbled upon a bush of blackberries, enough for a bowl fit for a princess like myself.

I decided it wouldn't hurt if I picked every single one of these berries so that I wouldn't go hungry. Little did I know that my Father was on my tail as he sent his captain of the guard, Captain Lambin the Honest, to stop me.

As soon as Sugar Cube and I were back on the chase, I immediately found a way I can follow the dragon. Prince Richard, when my Father had me dance with him, used a bit too much perfume. I decided to use that scent to help me find him.

But Captain Lambin also had a trail to look for me because the blackberries I had were falling out of my pouch. I didn't know that I packed a bit much, but it was enough to make an incredibly long trail. And in this case, one long enough to lead them to the dragon.

I had made it to the dragon's cave only to find out that it wasn't a dragon to begin with. It was the one being I thought to be extinct, a vampire. The vampire, calling herself "Izora", plots to use the Prince as bait so that she could take over my body using a special mark she plans to put on my hand.

And it was at this point that the Captain of the Guard has arrived to take me home.

### Chapter 3 by Sterling Silver



Lambin offers nicely to lead me back. "Please," he begs. "I'll give you anything. Anything! I promise." When I solemnly refuse, he begins to turn angry. He threatens that he will tie me up or knock me unconscious just to get me home. I smile at his weak threats.

While he continues ranting, he doesn't notice seem to notice the vampire, Izora, sneaking up on him. I decide to just let him get caught. After all, the more the merrier! That is one more person for me to save, but I'll get more rewards from saving them.

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## Chapter 4 by The Writer



I hit her head with the hilt of my sword. Izora passes out right then and there.

"Wow, no wonder they are almost extinct," I said aloud, smiling. I look at Captain Lambin who is staring wide eyed and scared. I laugh.

"Looks like I'm not the one who need a to be saved." He gulps, then he gains his courage and puts on a serious face.

"Princess Scarlet, I was....mistaken. But we can't just stand here, we must save Prince Richard before it is too late."

I nodded and we continued deeper into the cave until we heard a scream.

"Help! I don't want to be Dragon food." It was Prince Richard. Lambin and I rush to the voice and hide behind a wall. I peer around it to see two other vampires and a dragon. Above, dangling over a large boiling cauldron, is the 'brave' Prince Richard.

"Ugh, petty Prince is too loud, Izzla."

"We must deal with it, Izzka, Izora said it would be the perfect bait."

"But why do we need the Princess anyway?"

"Ugh, you never listen, Izzka! We need a Princess to sacrifice to the all mighty Dracula."

"Oh ya, sorry."

I gasped. How were we going to stop them? Then, it hit me.

"Lambin, I have an idea."

Chapter 5 by The Writer



"No, please. I-I just wanted to s-s- See more of Story Wars"

I have to give myself prop weak it sounded. We heard rustling coming from the room with the two vampires and the prince.

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"Izora? Is the princessss dead?"

I look back at Lambin. I stifle laughter at seeing him dressed up. He wore my black cloak that I tweaked to look vampire-ish and some mud had been rubbed into his hair to style it back. I had grabbed some powder from a make-up kit I carried in my bags (by order of the king) to make him seem pale. His face was priceless.

"This better work, Princess," Lambin whispered with an edge of anger. I just smiled.

He cleared his throat.

"What do you think happened, you foolish creatures!"

My eyes filled with tears as it became harder and harder not to laugh. The voice was perfect. The accent was what made it the really deal. I would remember this forever.

"Your Highnesssss, is that you?"

"Who else would it be, you slithering snake women. The girl is dead, and now me may release the boy."

"But your highnesssss," Izzla (I think) hissed, "wouldn't it be better if we take care of the boy. It could be our reward for awakening you."

"You're reward?! Izora died killing the girl, and you two think you should be rewarded?"

The two vampires gasped and rushed to untie the boy. Then, Izzla stopped. She gave a little hiss.

"Sire, may we see your ever wonderful presence?"

Lambin gave a gulp and clenched his fists. I watched with anticipation. I gripped my sword in my hand. Then, Lambin stepped forward.

Time seemed to freeze. There was silence. Sniffing and steps then dominated my hearing. I decided to edge closer and closer.

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"Lies!" shrieked Izzla.

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Then another shriek, on of pain, then followed soon after. I quickly rushed into the room. Izzka lay on the floor with a stake piercing her heart. Lambin and another stand surrounding a hissing Izzla. I decide to ask later. I give a smirk to make the vampire seem like I know what's happening. She glares at me.

"You can't stop us! We won't stop until everyone of us is dead!"

She gave a maniacal laugh as the man next to Lambin stabs her with a stake. Both of the vampires turn to a pile of ash. The man wipes around. My eyes widen. I take a quick glance over at the cauldron to make sure.

"Prince Richard?"

He gave a smirk. He retrieved the stakes from the ground and tucked them into a bag hanging from his shoulder.

"Don't judge a book by it's cover, princess."

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